

NEWSPAPER.

For the
INVOCATION

"AT THE LAST."

A beautiful poem is not new, but those
which are never old, but often so
new that we are written upon the pass-
ing of time, and we are written upon the
passing of time, and we are written upon the
passing of time.

calmest when it nears the tide,
we are content at the exordium
not musical at close of day,
sweetly when they pass away.

twice, but a heller charm
Ere's robe of love's balm;
I must ever love her best,
I can't to tell, but night to rest.

Hereon, and on wings both doted
like, like the breath of prayer;
Angels follow in her track,
Angels follow in her track.

hushed before her as she throws
a shy her mantle of repose;
in a beauty, and a power
in the calm of the hour.

oming!" we must weep and toll,
no furrow, did the weedy soil,
let our rough and thorny way,
let our rough and thorny way.

ness is setting may we glide,
evening down the golden tide
twilight round our sleeping lake

TIONALLY BASHFU

ies, and "what is bred in the bone
the flesh," to use the words

tells me that when an infant I had the habit of turning over my face

purple about the eyes, to such
as could not fail of exciting w
the heart of the most indiff

to take refuge behind the grass whenever my mother had called

my boyhood it was the same, and so. My *debut* at school was in

coat, was bad enough; the gr

terrible Council of Ten! All
had to find to do was to giggle

of their curls—and made me ho-

remain, with most the other
on intermission. The little g

cherry-lipped little girl had to
one of her school mates pronounce

me. There was a wild scream which all joined, and I took ingl with the Cherry line, close at

I should have won the race in
not, unfortunately, in my bi

terra firma, very much as the
knocks down the pine-pine : and f

such a thrashing as I receive
could have made the blackest

my mother say that no one
had come, and I felt satisfied t

and appropriate to the occasion.

"Oh, my! Miss Hanson," she cried, "you pay at such a rate! It won't m-

left me to fly at my defender, who was Han. But Florence was a

age of an appletree, where, seeing
a strong limp, I remained u

me from the village-school,
an institute for boys. I had thought
the change, that I should be

the girls I had fled from, and, for my life, I realized that the wretched, hideous part of a job

of my bashfulness, "I loved e
ed ever seen—not even excep

ness, I would have been broiled a
round manhood, my back for

thousand times more distressing
ently invited to quiltings, a

er sent me on any errand to a b

ie of the aforesaid girls happened
summons, it was with the great
I could restrain myself from

return than we know why
summer had a curved train.

was very little left of them to part with. I most devoutly wished that it

ould have been so nice when
hat to do with his upper extre

when I would have given all
been mine to give, if I could

day, my mother took it into quilting. Early in the afternoon I went to the garret, as the most isolated

ooner have faced a flaming line
s.

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[illegible][illegible][illegible]